branches. The lemon trees, frailer, more gracefully shaped, had less ostentation and greater elegance. At times protective mats above them made an almost dark shelter for them. On the ground, among the trunks whose number, modest height, and oily and polished surface reminded me of the rich pillars in the C6rdoba mosque, a thick, unbroken carpet of wood-sorrel of a paler green than lawns, more on the bluish side, more subtle, more fragile. And on the paths of hard black earth, straight, regular, and narrow, where the shade, warmth, and humidity had allowed mosses to creep, one would have liked to walk barefoot.

The garden ended in a terrace, or a cliff rather, dropping straight into the sea, On the extreme edge the orange grove yielded to ilex and pines. A much wider path followed the brink, but in such a way that a fringe of trees rose between the walk and the sea. At intervals, where the rock jutted out, the bold terrace offered a circular bench, a table, a charming spot to rest. On one of these marble benches the diligent gardener had placed some oranges for our pleasure. They were of four kinds: to the largest, almost tasteless, sweet as watermelons, I much preferred the egg-shaped ones with a thick skin; they had an ethereal taste such as I fancy Oriental oranges to have; but I especially delighted in the very small tangerines, hard as lady-apples, with an orangey-green skin of delicate texture that looks like a glove leather. I can't say how many we ate, nor yet, alas, with what (rapture). . . , They satisfied at once both hunger and thirst. From the bench on which we were seated talking, when we threw the skins over the railing, they fell, a few hundred yards below, straight into the sea.

*

Perugia, February

It was a *light intoxication.* . * . Alas, why is not everyone capable

of this delightful ecstasy? This mood is the starting-point for all heroisms. I felt so glorious that a bit of suffering, I believe, would only have exalted me still further. I supervised everything, I presided over everything., but in an impersonal manner; I forgot myself, I was distracted in a vague sensual delight, losing myself absolutely in it.

It is conceivable that all individualism should triumph in this mood since all egotism ends there. Certainly any return to myself, any personal consideration, became not only unseemly, but impossible. In this state I felt just as capable of the noblest deeds as of the worst, capable of any act whatever. And my mind, as if stupefied, was both unable to measure and unwilling to calculate the consequences*

And my mere presence, everywhere, established among all that I saw, heard, and felt a palpitating harmony that broke down my resistance, I was a part of it, . . .

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